

# KEEP CHILDREN IN THE CITY, DON'T FLEE TO THE COUNTRY, SAYS U. S. HEALTH OFFICER

This Best Place for Them. Declares Surgeon Brown, Addressing an Evening World "Help-Your-Neighbor-Clean-Up" Meeting.

Speaking to hundreds of parents in Hamilton Fish Park, Stanton and 111 Streets, last evening, Surgeon B. W. Brown of the Federal Health Service, who is in New York aiding in the fight on the infantile paralysis epidemic, urged them not to flee from the city with their children in the hope that the little ones would find better conditions elsewhere.

"You and your children are better off right here in New York than you could be elsewhere," he said. "There is no place like home. You know just where you are, and you know just where to go and just what to do in an emergency."

"Suppose you fled with your children to some strange place in Connecticut or New Jersey. Suppose after you had gone to one of those places your child was stricken. You could find that the only thing and the best thing to do would be to come right back to New York where you could be sure to get the best doctors and the finest hospital service in the world."

"This epidemic is not going to last long. It is a very trying situation for parents. The tendency is to become antipathetic—to try to get away from the city. Such a thought is a foolish one. Don't leave New York. The sanitary conditions here are good. The best possible precautions are being taken."

WHERE FLEEING TO THE COUNTRY DIDN'T PAY.

"Let me cite one case to you. Some wealthy people—automobilists—went to the Berkshires with their child. In the belief that they would thus escape infantile paralysis. These people, and you, were rich. They called to their aid every resource that money could procure."

"When they reached the mountains their child was stricken. Well, they had to come back to New York with the little one in order to get the best medical attention."

The meeting at which Dr. Brown spoke was held under the auspices of the East Side Protective Association, in connection with The Evening World's Help-Your-Neighbor Clean-Up Campaign. Magistrate Morris Isonig, who presided, was introduced by Harry H. Schlacht. The Magistrate pointed out to those householders present their responsibilities in keeping their homes clean and neat, and in seeing that their surroundings were kept clean.

"In the crisis through which we in New York now are passing," he said, "you ought to thank The Evening World, which realizes that more can be accomplished by a campaign of education and helpfulness than one of punishment. In other words, the theory of the Help-Your-Neighbor movement, is that the householders of New York can make the city clean and guard against disease, if they choose to do so."

"How can they do it? Not by going to law, not by causing the arrest of persons who they think are not following out sanitary measures, but rather by speaking to their neighbors in a neighborly tone, by arguing with them and convincing them they should keep things clean. Do these things and you will be making a safe and sane fight against infantile paralysis."

UVENILE POLICE AID CRUSADE AGAINST FILTH.

While the speeches were being made members of the Juvenile Police of the east side were distributing advice, printed in Hebrew, regarding preventive measures against infantile paralysis.

Another anti-paralysis meeting was held in the East Side House settlement in Seventy-third Street and Avenue C, at the end of the first of two "clean-up" days scheduled for the week. The gathering was for mothers living in the crowded section of the East Side. The speakers were Mrs. Hardy of the University Extension, and Dr. Joseph A. Shears of the Board of Health. The mothers who attended turned in reports on work they are doing in the Help-Your-Neighbor movement. "Clean-up Day" in Yorkville today will be started with a parade of neighborhood mothers, who will be carrying householders to guard against the epidemic with cleanliness. Squads of boys will patrol the section, inspecting hallways, stairways and cellars.

A Mothers' Day meeting to discuss infantile paralysis will be held in Hamilton Fish Park at 3 o'clock this afternoon, and Dr. Shears of the health department will speak.

The upper east side will have a "clean-up day" Monday, the arrangement being in charge of P. J. Alberghini and Miss Margaret E. Brangan. Principal of Public School No. 172, a mass meeting to discuss the Help-Your-Neighbor campaign will take place in the school Tuesday evening.

Mrs. French at Border Camp. LAREDO, Tex., Aug. 12.—Mrs. Seth Barton French of New York, said to be a representative of Secretary of War Baker, arrived here today to investigate conditions in the border military camps. Miss Alice McKay Kelly, Field Secretary of the National Patriotic Organization of New York, is also here investigating conditions.

## What Sort of Wife Do You Want? What Sort of Hubby Do You Want?



There May Be a Modicum of Truth in the Utterances of the Critics of the New York Girl but, After All, Haven't Conditions of the Past Taught Her to Estimate a Man on a Strict Dollar Mark Basis?

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

Yesterday was bouquet day for the New York girl. But to-day a merciless analyst draws her portrait with a pen dipped in vitriol. "Artist" finds her untruthful, dishonest, disloyal, selfish, lacking in culture and a worshipper of Mammon. He not only does not wish to marry her, but he is even going to avoid knowing her in the future!

There are New York girls to whom the men they know are simply large or small dollar marks, girls who classify each of their male acquaintances as "good for" so much—a weekly dinner at Veronic's, a fortnightly trip to the theatre, so many boxes of chocolates, so many bouquets of violets or roses. Owen Johnson, the novelist, depicted the coldly commercial "Salamanca," and treated her rather too tenderly.

Yet, after all, the men and the self-respecting women who criticize her must not forget that until a few years ago no girl could afford not to be mercenary, that to-day the girl who is neither wealthy nor trained for self-support must—as a matter of self-preservation—estimate the young men of her circle in terms of the money they possess. If she guesses wrong she has hanging over her the penalties of hunger and homelessness.

The girl who can make a living without marrying for it, the girl who can go to the theatre and pay for her own tickets, the girl who need not judge a man by the contents of his pocketbook. It seems to me that there is many a girl of this type in New York. And I decidedly do not agree with "Artist" in his reflections on the business honor of women. It has been my experience that the women who have the clearest understanding of honesty and fairness are those whose contacts have been outside the domestic domain of special privilege.

THE DESPAIR OF AN UNKEMPT ARTIST.

"Dear Madame: New York girls are the prettiest I have seen in my travels. There is a certain 'snap' about them; they seem to have the knack of wearing clothes to the greatest advantage. True, they are not infrequently more animated fashion plates, and they sometimes overindulge in paint and powder. But for a' that, they are beautiful. My experience (somewhat limited by reason of lack of time for social pleasures) coincides with that of 'Celebrate'."

"The average New York girl seems entirely lacking in that culture which is spelled with a C. She does not judge a man by his intrinsic worth, but rather by his attire—and you know that artists are notoriously fastidious in this respect! A man is really welcome only so long as he spends money on New York girls. In business dealings I have found them too ready to take advantage of their sex; in brief—and ungallantly—they are not honest. Also, they are very untruthful, and it is only as friends because they are not loyal, and abominably and often transparently 'tricky'."

Moreover, they are very selfish. On speaking of such girls as I myself have known, I am anxious to keep my ideals unimpaired. I am reluctantly forced to the conclusion that if I would retain my respect and admiration for New York girls I must avoid getting to know them. Of course there must be exceptions—I am still an optimist—but it is a melancholy fact I have met none. Why are they so mercenary? Whence these false ideals?

"Anticipating certain adverse criticism, I may add that I have never been unpopular with the fair sex because I invariably treat women with courtesy and consideration. So much I may state without undue egotism."

"I cannot say, as 'Celebrate' does, that I hate girls; but I do say that I am not ready to further efforts to cultivate feminine acquaintances. By the time he has his 'fancy out West' I hope to have an acre of ground and a cottage somewhere in the country. I mayhap I shall have to use a dummy figure for a model!"

"No, Madame, 'Celebrate' is all right. And he and I are in the same boat."

"ARTIST."

"CELEBRATE" HAS STIRRED UP A HORNET'S NEST.

"Celebrate's" letter has inspired a number of other correspondents. Here are some of their letters: "Dear Madame: Regarding 'Celebrate's' letter of the other evening, I wish to say that he is 'all wrong' in his opinion of the New York girls, that is, the right kind. He probably

has gone out with duffy little dolls, and it is no wonder that they played him for a 'good thing.' If he were to frequent the downtown district some afternoon I am sure that he would meet some of the business girls of New York, who are not looking for men for spenders, but for intelligent and worthy companions."

"I, for a positive fact, have prevented young men from spending an unreasonable sum of money on me, not because I had any particular interest in them or intended to marry them, but solely because I did not believe in playing them for an 'easy thing.' Did I get any thanks for it? No, not at all, and the average New York fellow thinks he has to display a big bank roll in order to be called a 'sport' and the rest of the week a has to go without lunches or else 'buy them some up' in order to 'hold them.'"

"I shall have to go to the woolly West, for the majority of the New York men are so egotistical and conceited that they have no room for me. I am going to fall in love with them; and they cannot carry on an intelligent conversation without some of the New York slang and 'kidding' which is very tiresome and annoying to any well educated young lady."

"WALL STREET."

SHE'S SORRY FOR THE ABSURD "CELEBRATE."

"Dear Madame: I have enjoyed the answers you have received in regard to 'What sort of a wife or husband do you want?' but of 'Celebrate' I can only say, 'how absurd he is!' But, thank goodness, there are still a few of us left who are not only seeking a home, but a happy companion as well. Money is only one part of life."

"Poor 'Celebrate,' you have only stunned. When you wake up learn to follow this little motto: 'If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.' Broadway has a big name but it is not the only place where rare diamonds can be found. Wake up, 'Celebrate,' and seek before it's too late."

"THINK!"

NEW YORK GIRLS SATISFIED WITH THEMSELVES.

"Dear Madame: You ask what is the matter with 'Celebrate.' Being one, it possibly may be easier for me to understand him. It is true that I am not going West or ten miles from civilization. Still, the fact that it is hard to find a real friend in a New York girl will remain. The reasons, of course, are as many and as varied as the girls of this metropolis. I have spent time as well as money in their company and found myself quite successful in making friends, but found very few interesting."

"I have been a pleasant surprise for me to read of a New York girl asking for the mere companionship of a man, a surprise well founded by reason of experience. I have known many girls who are not only willing to befriend a man, but are willing to enjoy friendship on either person as to the outcome. Her answer was 'decidedly no.' an answer which goes far toward characterizing the psychology of the New York girl."

"I am glad to hear that New York girls are so well satisfied with themselves and are only waiting for the man to come along. As to his qualifications a few know what they want, while the greater majority are dreaming of a superman, but are satisfied with eight, ten, twelve, or more, according to circumstances at home."

"IRVING."

## STIELOW'S CASE MAY MEAN END OF "THIRD DEGREE"

Men and Women Unite to Prevent Further Similar Travesties on Justice.

TO PROTECT INNOCENT.

How Guiltless Men May Be Sent to Chair by Third Degree Confessions.

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

WEST SHELBY, N. Y., Aug. 12.—

Of all the tragedies that have ever been written none contain more dramatic elements than the Stielow case, the climax of which has just been reached by the confession of Irving King, peddler, who admitted he was the guilty man, instead of Stielow.

I visited the Phelps house where the murder was committed. I talked with Mr. Cromwell, who lives there, and who, by the way, isn't a bit afraid of ghosts and rather enjoys living in the house where the murder was committed.

I discussed the case with the nearest neighbors who were called to the Phelps house on the day of the murder—Mr. Philip M. Benson, as well as Mr. Jenkins, the nephew of Phelps. They all shook their heads sadly and none was sure that Stielow was the murderer, yet each said, "But there is his own confession."

I went through the Stielow house and investigated the two places, using the alleged third degree "confession" as a guide to study how it fit into the environment.

Everything fitted in perfectly to that confession, and if Irving King committed the murder of Mr. Phelps and his housekeeper, Miss Wolcott, as he says he did, then this case is the most startling example of how an innocent man can be hurried to jail and by inquisitorial methods induced to make a confession that is perfectly corroborated by detectives.

It presents the most glaring travesty on justice against individuals who are made to confess to a crime before they have been arraigned—and no one can estimate the number of such cases.

In some European countries the officer who is in charge of the prisoner is forbidden by law to question the prisoner as to his guilt or innocence. If this had been in vogue in this country Stielow, now presumably an innocent victim, would not have remained in jail a whole year and endured the torture he must have suffered. And more serious, he came as near being electrocuted as any man in years. But for a small group of people who had learned of the case and interested themselves in it the confession of Irving King would have been of no avail to save Stielow.

THESE ARE THE FOES OF THE "THIRD DEGREE."

These people who were determined to run the case down until all shadow of doubt was dissipated are Spencer Miller, Deputy Warden of Sing Sing; Mrs. Grace Humiston, attorney; Inez Milholland, attorney; Arthur Stupp, attorney; Misha Appelbaum, leader and founder of the Humanitarian Club, and Sophie Irene Loeb.

We left nothing undone to get a stay from Gov. Whitman, but without success. He insisted that the courts had already passed on the case and they should move the case forward.

Then began a last hour fight to get a stay from Judge Guy. Misha Appelbaum and I called Judge Guy at 1 o'clock in the morning. We urged his consideration of the new evidence with the well known result that less than an hour before execution a stay was granted.

Mrs. Humiston then secured affidavits from prisoners who knew King and his possible connection with the Stielow case, with the result that a confession as set forth in The Evening World.

The Stielow case is bound to make history in the laws of this State as the group of people who are interested are determined to put forth effort to adjust the "third degree" methods now being practiced.

The antagonistic facts in this case are that not only Stielow "confessed" to the crime, but his supposed accomplice, Nelson Green, in the confession, also "confessed." Both confessions were obtained by the detective, Newton.

It was upon these alleged confessions that the men were convicted, and both of these confessions, in the main, were corroborated in the courts by the detectives. So much so, that despite the fact that Stielow refused to sign the confession, it was admitted as evidence in court, a jury was asked to consider its truthfulness and returned the verdict of guilty.

This was due to the fact that these statements, made by Stielow were made in the presence of two sheriffs and two detectives in jail.

Stielow admitted before the jury that he made them, but under promise that if he made the statements he could go home to his wife, who was giving birth to a child, and having been in jail for three days as to his knowledge of the matter. In the words of Stielow in a recent affidavit, "If they had asked me to swear that the President had committed the crime I would have done so." So much was he suffering at the time.

Thus four men swore that he made the statements and the jury evidently directed the jury to the Stielow confession and the inquisitorial methods of obtaining them.

Following is an extract of the Stielow confession that convicted him. If Nelson Green and Stielow had actually committed the murder, the minute details as disclosed in this "confession" which I found fitted in perfectly with

## HUGHES TO DROP 2,200 FEET TO THE BOTTOM OF MINE

He Will Wear Jumper and Overalls in Spectacular Descent at Butte, Mont.

HELENA, Mont., Aug. 12.—Ex-Judge Charles E. Hughes has accepted an invitation to descend 2,800 feet into the depths of the Leonard Copper Mine at Butte, Mont.

Mr. Hughes, who has left his husband's side through the other hardships of the trans-continental trip which he is making to win votes for the Presidency, wanted to go but it was decided she had better not.

John H. McIntosh of Butte, who joined the Republican nominee's party here to-day, warned Mr. Hughes that mines weren't the safest places in the world and that he did not have to accept the invitation.

"You can bet I want to go," Mr. Hughes responded quickly. Then, with a touch of T. R. he continued: "There are lots of men who work in mines every day and I'm not in the least afraid anyway." He will make the trip with jumper and overalls.

Mr. Hughes, continuing his attacks on the Administration for its appointments, to-day charged Secretary McAdoo, "upon reliable information," with having replaced Henry R. Clapp, formerly confidential secretary to John G. Carlisle, with Daniel E. Finn, son of "Batter Day" Finn, a Tammany leader, as Assistant Appraiser of Merchandise at New York.

Some months after Clapp was "put out of the service" Mr. Hughes said, "through fear of criticism on the part of the department, he was made an examiner in the customs service, a much lower position than that held before, and at a much lower compensation."

"The circumstances, I am reliably informed," Mr. Hughes said, "were these. Mr. Clapp was Assistant Appraiser of Merchandise at the Port of New York, a position requiring expert knowledge in order to secure efficiency. His resignation was demanded by the Secretary of the Treasury and in his place was appointed Daniel E. Finn, who is a Tammany district leader and son of 'Batter Day' Finn, of much political notoriety."

"Mr. Clapp has served twenty-five years in the Treasury Department at Washington, which was obtained through competitive examination, to the position of Assistant Appraiser of Merchandise in New York. He had been special agent of the Treasury, confidential secretary to John G. Carlisle, while Secretary of the Treasury, and held other important positions in the service through promotion by merit."

"He was the expert in the appraisal department at the Port of New York and had been the right hand man of five different appraisers. To see time he worked on the track of the Greenwood Lake Branch of the Erie Railroad. He was overthrown at 64-M on the high trestle over Second River by a westbound train."

"Finn can run, but the train overtook him fifty feet east of the bridgehead, and he was instantly killed. He leaves a wife and children at No. 159 Verona Avenue, Newark."

KILLED ON HIGH TRESTLE.

Train Overlooks Hospital Orderly Making Short Cut to Work.

John Flanagan, sixty, an orderly in the Essex County Isolation Hospital, Newark, N. J., was on his way to work extra early this morning because of the number of infantile paralysis cases. To save time he walked on the track of the Greenwood Lake Branch of the Erie Railroad. He was overthrown at 64-M on the high trestle over Second River by a westbound train.

"Finn can run, but the train overtook him fifty feet east of the bridgehead, and he was instantly killed. He leaves a wife and children at No. 159 Verona Avenue, Newark."

the location of the two houses, that there is a possibility of a confession of the Irving King admission that he committed the crime instead of Stielow.

"We went to the woodpile, then I told Nelson to get the map that was hanging on the dinner table just back of the house, or on the back of the house, I don't know which. I told Nelson to look at the map and I told Nelson that would make a good stick to hit the old man with if he showed fight—then I told Nelson we were going to do it. Then I pointed out the revolver from my left outside pocket in my jumper."

"Just before we went over to Phelps' that night I told Nelson that I heard that Phelps always kept his money in his bureau drawer."

"I told Nelson to get the revolver from my jumper pocket I handed it to Nelson and told him that he could do the robbery better and much easier if he needed any help. I told him that he should kill the old man and the woman too, because if they saw either one of us they would tell the police and it would be all off with us. I told Nelson to go in and kill the old man if he could, but if he couldn't kill them with the map stick, then I told him to go in and tell him if he needed any help. I would go in and help him. Then Nelson said he thought he could do it alone."

"I told Nelson I would keep watch outside and see if anybody did come along, and if anybody did come I would whistle to him, and if he heard me whistle he should come out of the house and help him. Then Nelson said he thought he could do it alone."

"Then we came out of the bedroom, and I put the lamp on the table, and we took a look at Phelps and I told Nelson, 'He's gone, all right.' Then we both went outdoors and I picked up the stick of wood from behind the house and threw it over to the woodpile. Then I ran down the Phelps driveway to the road and into my own driveway."

"Then I heard Miss Wolcott screaming at my front door and saw her pacing around on my front door, and she kept saying several times, 'Chaps, please let me in, I'm dying.' I stopped in the driveway near the front of my house and took a look at her. Then I went around my house and went into the kitchen and walked slowly through Mrs. Green's and my wife's room, where they both were in bed, although I know they both were awake at the time."

THE FICTITIOUS STORY OF A CRUEL MURDER.

"I think this was about twenty minutes to 11 o'clock. Before I went into the house I went around the house and looked into Phelps' window of his bedroom, and I saw that it was dark in his room."

"This was after I had given the revolver to Nelson—and after I came back from Phelps' window I went and tried to get into the kitchen door, but it was locked from the inside. Then I told Nelson to go to the door and rap on the door, and to go ahead, and if he couldn't handle them alone, I would go in and help him. Then Nelson said to me that he was pretty sure he could handle them alone, and I told Nelson I would stand right there by the kitchen door and come to the kitchen door and put the lamp on the stand by the window in the kitchen."

"Then Nelson said: 'Open the door; I want to come in.' Then Phelps opened the door, and Nelson went in and struck Phelps in the face with the map stick. Before Nelson went in he took a stick of wood from the woodpile, and I told Nelson that if he couldn't handle them I would help him with the stick of wood, and I would lay them out."

"After Nelson struck Phelps in the face with the mapstick Phelps showed fight, and I stepped inside the house and pushed Phelps back away from Nelson, and I held Phelps' right arm, and Nelson shot him in the left arm."

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753,399

1,667,392

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